

equine
outfitting



There are times when I am crying to my boyfriend that I feel an anger boiling inside me. It's hard to admit on paper how often I feel this anger (I'll try right now: It must be every 4 days). I am constantly mad at myself for not being fine and for being like this just because I'm overwhelmed that I had a bad grade or couldn't pick myself up to do the laundry. But most of all, I am angry at myself for being angry at the first place; because I thought I had accepted myself and my depression.

There's this thing about depression that makes you feel so small. I often find myself keeping quiet about what I'm feeling because people don't want to hear about dry-heaving, starving yourself, or scenarios you have in your head about how you're going to die. They want to hear jokes. And I give them jokes. I become funny so that they stop asking what's wrong with me. I can be so funny that it's the only thing other people know me for.

I tell people in passing that I'm seeing a psychiatrist and taking medication whenever the opportunity allows me to. I want them to know that it's normal to seek help. They become quiet when I tell them, and I always regret it. What if they tell their friends about it and it ends up becoming my identifier? I am angry at me for letting myself be known as the friend 'who is seeing a psychiatrist and taking medication'. I imagine my friend and their friend talking about mental illnesses and I would be mentioned as an example, which I'm not sure I'm 100% okay with.

Hello!

I would rather be known as 'the funny friend' rather than 'the depressed friend'. But lately, I realize that it couldn't be one or the other. Humans are too complex to be reduced into one adjective. I can be 'the funny depressed smart self-deprecating friend who once fell out of a moving car in 3rd grade' (true story) if I try hard enough to brand myself that way.

I've never been ashamed of my depression, but I've never exactly embraced it either. I'm comfortable with letting other people know about it, yet still punish myself in many ways whenever an episode comes around. Despite the love-hate relationship I have with my condition, depression has helped me understand that there are people who stick around and pull you away from rock bottom. It has helped me see that being vulnerable is okay, and that's worth celebrating.

I am cringing as I'm writing this, but self-acceptance is not an end goal, but a process. It's never easy, but inside this issue are people from different backgrounds celebrating themselves for who they are so that you don't feel like it's a chore. Through interviews and little stories from others who are also struggling, we hope that you're encouraged to reach out and most importantly, have a little party for your own self every damn day of the week.

-necronomiyaki



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Melihat Lebih Dekat

Apakah di antara kalian ada yang merasakan keganjalan pada perasaan atau perilaku kalian? Atau mungkin teman kalian sudah mulai berbicara pelan-pelan dengan kalian mengenai ketidakberesan tersebut? Mungkin juga kalian memiliki teman yang separtinya ada yang salah pada dirinya?

Namun, kalian bingung apa yang harus dilakukan selanjutnya...

"You need professional help."



Kalimat tersebut seringkali saya dengar dari beberapa teman saya ketika mereka mulai merasa ada yang ganjal pada diri mereka. Terkadang ada episode tertentu dalam hidup saya dimana saya selalu merasa sedih, putus asa, dan tak semangat hidup. Untungnya, muncul juga perasaan untuk menolong diri saya yang juga penasaran dengan apa yang terjadi dengan diri saya. Dengan dukungan dari teman saya, saya memberanikan diri untuk datang menemui ahli yang profesional, yaitu psikolog.

Tidak perlu malu untuk pergi ke psikolog, mereka pasti akan membantu diri kalian sebesar mungkin. Apa salahnya menolong diri sendiri? Dengan mendapatkan bantuan dari profesional, kalian akan mengetahui keganjalan yang ada di diri kalian dan bisa mendapatkan treatment serta terapi yang tepat. Selain itu, kalian bisa mengenal diri kalian lebih baik, which is so good!

Nah, kalau sudah muncul keinginan untuk menolong diri, muncul lagi kebingungan yang selanjutnya. Saya harus ke mana?

Untuk kalian yang juga sedang merasa kebingungan, jangan khawatir! Kali ini saya akan memberikan rujukan psikolog di daerah Jakarta yang bisa kalian kunjungi untuk melakukan assessment, terapi, atau sekedar untuk menumpahkan isi kepala yang rasanya sangat penuh dan nyaris meledak!

Unit Terapan dan Biro Layanan Psikologi Unika Atma Jaya Jakarta

Percayalah, bukan karena saya adalah salah satu mahasiswa fakultas psikologi pada UNIKA Atma Jaya, tetapi saya benar-benar merekomendasikan layanan psikologi pada yang ada di dalam universitas ini dengan hati yang tulus. Pelayanan yang diberikan ada berbagai macam dari penanganan klinis, keluarga, anak, pendidikan dan lain-lain. Pilihan nama psikolog yang diberikan juga cukup banyak dan bila kalian bingung siapa yang harus kalian temui, operator pada layanan akan memberikan nama yang sekiranya cocok dengan kalian. Untuk biaya, bisa dibilang sangat terjangkau dan lokasi yang sangat strategis di tengah kota.

Untuk info lebih lanjut serta pembuatan janji, silahkan hubungi nomor di bawah ini.

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Sanatorium Dharmawangsa

Tempat yang satu ini, seperti namanya, berada di daerah Dharmawangsa di lokasi yang juga strategis dimana kalian bisa langsung ngopi di coffee shop seberang atau makan bakmi enak di kedai sebelah setelah konseling. Pilihan psikolog yang ditawarkan juga ada banyak dan bisa kalian lihat jadwal ketersediaannya di website Sanatorium Dharmawangsa. Biaya yang harus kalian keluarkan terbilang 'lumayan', tapi kembali lagi, apa salahnya menolong diri sendiri? Saya sempat berbincang dengan teman saya dan menanyakan komentarnya mengenai tempat ini yang bisa kalian simak di bawah:

From the beginning I knew I was different, I felt the urge to seek professional help from a specialist who can handle my issues. Although I got skeptical responses from people around me (many of them argue that seeing a therapist won't be helpful and how therapists really just want to take my money), I am grateful that my mother was very supportive about my decision. Then I started to do some research about the mental hospital and therapist in Jakarta.

After a while, I had a conversation with a friend and she recommended me to go to Sanatorium Dharmawangsa, where I can find many experienced therapists and also certified hypnotherapists. Since the beginning of the registration desk, I was surprised by how pleasant the hospital approached toward me, they gently asked me whether I wanted to pick my own therapist or let them fit me to one of their

therapists' schedule, because their schedules were packed. After the appointments were made, I explained to my therapist about what was happening to me. I begged her to help me control the monster that was rising up and threatened to escape my control.

I had great counseling sessions in Sanatorium Dharmawangsa and my most favorite part is always the hypnotherapy. The reception desk was also very cooperative of reminding me about my next visit and gave me a call one day before the appointment. I feel a lot better after my third visit and now I have more balance in life. I highly recommend Sanatorium Dharmawangsa for everyone who feels the urge to seek professional help.

-Fara, 22 Tahun.

Untuk datang ke Sanatorium Dharmawangsa, sebaiknya kalian melepon dari H-7 kedatangan karena biasanya psikolog dan psikiater mereka selalu full-booked. Untuk info lebih lanjut, kalian bisa menghubungin ke nomor di bawah ini!

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Sanatorium Dharmawangsa
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Kassandra & Associates Psychological Practice

Selain psikolog yang beragam, Kassandra dan timnya membuka layanan e-counseling dimana kalian bisa konseling tanpa meninggalkan rumah dan meluapkan masalahmu via e-mail. Hal ini sangat membantu untuk kalian yang mungkin merasa tidak nyaman untuk keluar rumah atau bercerita secara langsung! Selain itu kalian juga bisa terapi dan konseling secara individu maupun grup. Layanan konseling yang ditawarkan juga sangat beragam. Untuk info lebih lanjut kalian bisa menghubungin nomor di bawah ini.

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real talk with:

Selain tempat yang saya sebutkan di atas, beberapa rumah sakit di Jakarta juga menyediakan layanan psikolog yang beragam. Untuk mempermudah dan meringankan biaya yang diberikan, kalian bisa menggunakan BPJS. Namun untuk beberapa psikolog di luar rumah sakit masih belum menerima layanan BPJS karena di Indonesia, psikolog belum terdaftar sebagai tenaga medis. Sayang sekali.

Oh ya, kalau dibutuhkan, psikolog akan merujuk kalian ke psikiater untuk menerima tindakan lebih lanjut. Penanganan oleh psikiater biasanya melibatkan obat yang diberikan sesuai dengan kondisi yang kalian alami secara berdampingan dengan konseling.

Dengan adanya info yang saya berikan di atas, saya harap kalian tidak sungkan untuk datang ke psikolog atau psikiater. Tidak perlu merasa aneh, takut dan malu untuk berkunjung ke psikolog dan psikiater, karena hal tersebut normal. It's okay to not be okay. Percayalah, berkunjung ke psikolog atau psikiater sangat menyenangkan karena kalian bisa bebas meluapkan hal-hal yang kalian rasakan tanpa mendapatkan judgement yang menyebalkan.

Sebelum menutup tulisan ini, hal penting yang harus kalian ingat adalah HINDARI SELF-DIAGNOSE! Temui bantuan profesional dan lakukan assessment secara resmi.

Selamat mencoba!

Aomame





On the surface, Jakarta-raised and Tokyo-dwelling artist Naomi Dame's illustrations are whimsical yet grotesque, with its audience appreciating the subject matter, skill and curiosity they convey. However, the pieces she creates offer deeper meaning and reflect on the artist's views on life and personal experiences.

Combining both traditional and digital media, she is capable of evoking a different mood with each one of her drawings. With various experiences under her belt (including being a comic artist assistant, plush doll maker, and teaching, among others), Naomi is an exciting-illustrator to watch.

We spoke to Naomi about her work and their role in the conversation of mental health (there's a theme here!) as well as productivity and the music that keeps her going, to give you an insight into the mind of an illustrator.

By Skeletale

So first thing first: How did you first get into illustration?

My mum introduced me to the artsy fartsy design stuff when I was very small. I didn't remember in detail when and how I got so hooked on comic books, pictures and animations, but I believe that's how I started wanting to be a comic artist. As I grew up I found out that I am shit at storytelling, especially when I look back, all the stories I made as a kid had all the protagonists die—probably because I didn't know what to do with them anymore. So I leaned towards illustration rather than comic books or graphic novel or anything of the sort (my other childhood dream was to be a military surgeon and to be honest I really don't know how I got there...).

How would you best describe your style in illustration?

It's probably going to sound pretentious but emotive and dreamlike, perhaps. Most of them are bursts of feelings, unreal and intangible.

The characters in your drawings are fascinating and whimsical—girls with eyeballs spilling out of their sockets and boys with beetle horns—if not a little bit twisted. What inspired you to create them, what did you have in mind?

I've never really given them much thought, to be honest. They're mostly reflections of how I feel and what I see, what ifs and could-have-beens for me. Often I have so many things inside my head, and that's maybe why they all came out jumbled and made of stitched-up parts.

I especially see a lot of critters and creepy crawlies! What is it that draws you to the subject matter?

I reaaaaaaaally love insects! The fact that they are hardwired to react to things instead of feeling it is something that draws me to them. That, and their shapes. They're so strange, nature's mechs.

Talking about creepy crawlies, can you explain about the little dude tattooed on your arm? What was the story behind it? (I'm just really curious about them lil critters okay)

The little dude is actually quite big though, if you see it in person. Cicada is my favorite insect because they're literally underground (heh). Dry jokes aside, they spend their larval stage burrowed in for years, and then they metamorphose into the final imago, and mate and then die. Honestly it seems pointless, yet in China they're the symbol of eternal life. That contrast is amusing for me.

What are some of the greatest challenges of being a female artist today? How have you worked to overcome them?

The same as being a female artist anywhere, I guess. For me, the biggest challenge is my subject matter. I've seen people point at my illustration and cringe, calling them gross, sadistic, grotesque. It doesn't quite fit anywhere—not enough skulls for the harder genre, yet not enough flowers for the softer side. I'd be lying if I say I feel content with that because I still feel like I'm floating nowhere, but I guess time taught me that if we keep doing what we like we'd be able to find people who can appreciate the same thing.

How do you deal with unproductivity when it comes to your work?

Up until now I still don't think I know how to deal with it. I try my best to stick with the schedule I made, but actually I cheat a lot. Usually I know I'm going to be late because of this sluggishness (for me they're sure to come), so I tend to set earlier, almost paranoid deadlines. Setting up my workspace also works for me, since it motivates me when I see my workspace ready.

How do you think art can add to the conversation of mental health?

You mean the classic liberation stuff? If yes, well, art certainly helped me cope with a lot of things in my life. It's safe to say that for me, making art is what saved me. I think a lot of people can relate to that, art being the form of self-expression. By doing that, you at least can release some of what's repressed out. But of course, this does not always work.

Then, if it's to release what's been repressed, what do you want to release and share with the world through your art?

Ah, here comes the difficult part! I'm not sure myself whether there's something worth sharing in my art. Then again, me saying it like that might be because of my illness. I think I just want to let people know how I feel, however conceited that sounds, and if there are people who can relate to my artworks then it's good enough. Personally, the common conception that art should make people happy makes me feel uneasy. I'm aware that my artworks don't evoke happiness, but I don't want to lie to myself, so. Probably "spreading awareness" is the word. I'd like to share my perspective and my feelings through my art, but people need not to agree with them.



What is some of the best advice you've been given as a young artist? What advice would you give to aspiring artists out there?

The answer for both questions is the same: keep doing what you like. It's hard, because people will judge. But whatever kind of art you do, whatever you do, people will judge anyway, so there's no point in stopping. Likewise, there's probably no point in continuing as well. I've thought of giving up lots of times, yet drawing has been a part of my life, and these little chimeras I made are what saved me. In the end I just can't stop. Guess I draw for myself, to console myself, to save myself. And I think a lot of other artists are like that too. So trust what your gut feeling, if you like it then don't stop at all. There will be people who feel the same, and/or who can appreciate.

One more thing: What kind of music do you listen to for inspiration?

This is hard! I love music. I mainly listen to goth, deathrock, post-punk, and new wave. I listen to the darker 80's music a lot (but I lowkey like disco), so I guess that would be my main inspiration.

Bingo:

Things You Have Ever Told Yourself



Little Stories from Big Lives is exactly what its name suggests: Personal pieces from different people. There are only 5 people running this zine and we realize that as cisgendered individuals with similar struggles, we can't represent everyone. So we asked some of our friends with different backgrounds and sexual identities to write about their experiences as individuals with different mental illnesses from their own perspectives, so that more readers can relate to this zine. Enjoy!



Anthony, 17

I was 4

I was hanging upside down from the swing in my backyard when a new baby sitter came. She asked me to go take a shower. She was surprised I had a vagina.

I was 8

I went swimming with my cousin during a hot summer day, just 5 boys having fun in a pool. I was mad when my dad didn't allow me to change in the same bathroom with the other boys.

I was 12

I met a girl who made me feel different, more alive. She told me she would go out with me if I were a boy.

I was 14

My girlfriend told me my boobs looked nice. My butt looked nice. No, babe, I hated them. I wanted to get rid of them.

I was 15

I hated myself, I hated my body, I hated everything. I didn't know why. Maybe it was my weight. I decided to stop eating for days. I failed myself, blood flown off my wrist, when would this end? I wanted this to end.

I was 16

Fitting in seemed to be the only option back then. I was happy, at least that's how people saw me. I woke up every morning just to see this mask that I used to hide from the world. All these glitzy shadows and lippies felt icky on my skin. At this point, I didn't know who I was anymore.

It didn't stop there. I moved to a new place, met new people, learned new things. I bumped into this article that changed my life, which led to a gazillion more of similar articles. It made me contemplate about my choices in life.

I am 17

It is clear to me now; I am not there yet but definitely on the right track. I learnt more about the community and I realized that there's nothing wrong with me and I am not alone.

I am a boy. I have always been.

A few changes would not hurt anyone, right? I decided to shave my head, bind my chest and dress the way I want myself to be. It floods me with joy and happiness.

I am a boy. I have always been.



Prinka Saraswati, 22

My first suicide attempt was at my second year in middle school. I tried to jump from the second floor of my school's building, but then an old woman who sold gorengan saw me and pulled my legs. I knew why I wanted to jump. I wanted to know if I could still feel pain - I used to stop crying when I was 11, until around 13 - I wanted to know if I could still feel something.

2 years later, after my angsty middle school phase, I was stucked in high school. At first, it was fun, I moved on from my angsty teen phase, made new friends, had troubles with the nuns, and skipped classes. But a year later, I started to hate myself and everyone. I hated my parents for their mistakes. I hated myself for constantly having break down almost every day, I hated myself for being so mad but could never say a word, I hated myself for being skinny, I hated myself for always saying the wrong things in a wrong situation, I hated myself for feeling bad and mad with my own self, I hated myself for exaggerating everything. I hated girls, those who are prettier than me, those who are richer than me, those who seem shy and would speak carefully, those who have no friends and enjoy her own company, and those who seem brave and spontaneous. I hated boys, those who are intimidating and skipped classes to get drunk in the chapel, those who look smart and always get perfect score, those who look stupid, but make friends with the intimidating ones, and those who always get 35 for the test but never care so much about it. One day, after sport class, I was sitting on the bench under the trembesi tree. Some of those boys and girls in my classes are sitting close to me, the others played football. The yellow leaves fell on the ground and I found a mechanical pencil in the right pocket of my shorts. It was an orange mechanical pencil I found the previous week. The silvery tip was sharp and bewitching under the morning light. But, it would be so much prettier, if it makes itself busy. But a pencil is a fucking pencil. It's numb, it cannot do anything unless someone make something out of it. So, I stabbed a boy's palm with the pencil. It doesn't bleed too much, but he screamed and ran to the school clinique. I wasn't happy nor sad. I didn't feel bad (but now, remembering it, yeah, I feel bad. Fuck, it's too late.). I just wanted to stab him.

Now, in my whole life as a 23 year old human being, I've attacked three people and had 7 suicide attempts and there are times, when I failed to die, I got even more disappointed with myself. I cannot die. How could I live? How could I exist? How could I love when I could suddenly hurt them?

I resigned from a soul destroying job six months ago and dumped my boyfriend (only at that time). I thought it would make me feel better. But, it didn't make any difference, I didn't get up from bed for four days, I couldn't sleep for days, or when I woke up after a really long sleep, I still feel exhausted, I didn't answer any phone calls and text messages for around two weeks (then after 2 weeks, I checked my phone and turned it off again), I heard ticking clocks everywhere, I didn't want to touch my former students' score (since I had to send them for report and I finally delivered them weeks after they asked me), and I didn't want to touch myself. I couldn't stand myself. Two months ago, I got accepted as a writer. I'm glad I only had to go to the office once a week. Every time I left my house, the clock is still ticking (I try to get used to it). When I ride my motorcycle, the buzzing sound hits my head as if the cars or bus would crash into me. I got panic every time someone laughs or talk so loud from other motorcycles. Once, I almost got hit by an SUV, because I was so panic and lost my control. But, the worst thing is, when I had to meet people - friends or strangers - I try to look okay. I don't want to seek attention. I don't want to be an asshole. I don't want to suddenly attack them. At least no, not in front of them.



Bintang Lestada, 22

I never thought how my condition would shape who I am today in a good way. My life has been one-dimensional and flat, I guess. But when it arrived, creeping up on my back and poisoned all the emotions I could ever produce, I became this person with so much layers, complex and bitter. I became a real person and not a caricature. There were times when taking myself away was my main goal in life. That's where I feel like I need to ask for help. And that's it, I still keep reflecting on my condition and how my condition changed me and my guttural life.



Dea Karina, 23

Living with this condition means driving people away. I know who I am and what I'm suffering, and in my previous relationships, I would like to end things before they proceed to know who I really am. Most have this idea that I am the sweet little girl they can adore, but once I show who I really was; a girl crying for help filled with fear which, at times, turns to aggression, they turn away and realize I was not the little girl they hoped they'd find inside me.

Living with depression means you think that you, the fragile and vulnerable child inside shying away from the wicked world, are not worth of love and attention. So you return to he who is loyal - your one and only, depression. You're familiar with the state of solitude, where things are predictable and you know exactly where you'll end up; there, in the void, alone again, with only yourself to trust. You're quite comfortable with the silence and sadness, but because only he has been loyal to you. Deep inside, though, you want to be proved wrong. At the end of the day, you're just a lost poet looking for a pleasing kind of pain to bleed out the words you've always wanted to write.



Alif Rizky, 24

Just because you can't control it, doesn't mean it has to go ugly.

Telling people that you can't stop overthinking won't make those people believe that you're suffering in your head. Because people who actually have that kind of condition don't really have time to seek attention. Because they are actually doing it, right now, all the time, while you're busy bragging about it either online or not.

For those who are at it right now, thinking over matters, just try to relax a bit. Taking a breath won't do you any harm, even when reality bites all the time. Don't talk yet, because it's going to be weird. Settle yourself first, both your body and soul. Please hear yourself before doing anything.

Beginning every consideration from yourself would help a lot both for you and your surroundings. It doesn't really mean that you're denying the possibility of bad things to happen. But still, aware or not, the good and the bad things that happened are all on us. And we are responsible for those matters because we have conscience.

We can't deny that we are living with other people, other complex individuals, who might have the same issues as us, but also different views towards them. We can't apply the same things that we do to ourselves to others nor can we shove whatever is in our head to other people.

Accepting that sometimes we might not be able to avoid internal conflicts with ourselves would help us to prevent external conflicts with other people. Even sometimes we can't stop our own minds from not seeing anything from a negative lens. Thus, we just have to make peace with it.

Start from yourself, help yourself, and make peace with your mind. Never expect other people to understand you. That's why you have to understand yourself. Because once you start to accept yourself, then you will understand others.



Agony Aunt

Q:

I've been having depressive tendencies for the past 3 years. I want to get professional help, but my family is quite conservative about mental health issues. Also, the things don't happen all the time, contrary to what Google says. It's more like when I get sad, I automatically tend to overdo it. I blame and beat myself to the core and I can't seem to stop it. I am highly sensitive too, I cry easily and take everything too personally. Any thoughts on my situation? Am I actually depressed or am I just sad? Or is it something else?

Trish / 18 / Surabaya

A:

Like many things, sometimes I wish life came with an instruction manual. Also like many things, it didn't—and we are left clueless and confused while trying to figure out things like why you weren't born a celebrity baby and seem to never get a text back and get really sad over the dumbest stuff. It's just human nature to seek answers, but to whom should we ask our questions to?

In this day and age where stigma still surrounds mental illness, combined with the convenience of web surfing, the temptation for people to reach their own conclusions about their illness is strong. Dr. Google is faster, simpler, and cheaper. It only takes seconds to type symptoms into a search engine—and just a few more to be overwhelmed by confusing or even panic-inducing information (or in too many cases to count, misinformation). I mean sure, it's 2016 and you practically have the world on a screen at your fingertips but relying on the internet for diagnosis is dangerous. Googling your symptoms is basically a Choose Your Own Adventure book where the ending is always cancer.

Of course, being cautious when your behaviors are impacting your life in a negative way is completely normal. I also think it's fine to research and try to find out what is "wrong" with yourself, especially when you don't have access to professional care—but only if you fully understand that no website is meant to be used as a replacement for medical diagnosis. As I've written before, I am in no position to diagnose anyone, and you really need to go to an actual doctor for an accurate diagnosis.

If you're worried about the cost, try calling up the psychology department and ask if they have a counseling center. These centers are typically staffed by students who are learning to provide therapy, and the care is free or very-low cost. If your parents won't go with you, try going with a friend or someone else you trust. If you don't know where to start with professional help, keep reading the question below!

Q:

I've had various anxiety issues for some time, and I'm having trouble coping. I have decided to get treatment for the first time ever. Who should my first visit be to—a psychologist or a psychiatrist?

Angie / 20 / Bandung

A:

I'm very glad to hear that you're getting professional help! (I mean they didn't go to all those schools for nothing, right?) So anyway, psychologists and psychiatrists are both mental health professionals with overlapping field of expertise. They often work together to prevent, diagnose, and treat mental illness. If you're looking for help, it may seem overwhelming to navigate the steps that you need to take but let's take things slow and start with the differences:

A psychiatrist is a medical doctor who specializes in preventing, diagnosing, and treating mental illness. They're trained to differentiate mental health problems from other underlying medical conditions that could present with psychiatric symptoms—so let's say that before they decide that someone has depression, a psychiatrist is going to make sure that they don't instead have some vitamin deficiency or something. In practical terms, this means that psychiatrists focus more on diagnosing various mental disorders and then treating them with medications or other types of medical interventions.

On the other hand, a psychologist looks closely at your behavior. They're trained to evaluate and treat mental and emotional disorders, with focus on treatment methods, psychological theory, and behavioral therapy. Licensed psychologists are qualified to do counseling and psychotherapy, perform psychological testing, and provide treatment for mental disorders. When a psychologist is treating someone whom they feel has severe symptoms, they may suggest a consultation with a psychiatrist to help clarify the diagnosis and if needed, prescribe medications.

But one thing to remember is that when it comes to treatments, one size does not fit all. Different things may work for different people, which is why it's important to seek professional help. There is no wrong way as long as you're doing something and being open with your provider about what's working for you and what's not.

Got a question about what the actual heck is going on in there—"in there" being your head like the dude in Paper Bag)? Send it to <http://ask.fm/skeletale> with the hashtag #AgonyAunt and please include your NAME? INITIALS? AGE? TOWN?



swiss army man

(2016, Dan Kwan, Daniel Scheinert)

Have you ever wondered if a stranded-person could actually be brought back home guided by a boner? Then you should watch this movie directed by Dan Kwan and Daniel Scheinert that somehow embraces fragility in its theme.

It began with a stranded person about to kill himself again after trying several times, but then noticed a corpse that he thought could save his life and bring him home.

The perfection of life's imperfection is considered as fragile because at the beginning the movie exposed the fear of death cliché. The unsuccessful trials of committing suicide represents how the main character, Hank, was stranded and giving up on life. Thus, it underlines the fragility Hank's hope of life.

The sudden occurrence of Manny, the dead body, could actually start the turning point of Hank's life: Manny could actually be his key back home.



Manny's character represents the basic question of life to Hank. He made Hank rethink about what life actually is as a simple yet deep question. The meaning of feelings and emotions were questioned by Manny through his simplicity and fragility of the statements explained by Hank.

Hence somehow it does not only alter Hank's perception of life, but also the viewer's. Emotions such as happiness, sadness, and fear were uncovered with simple yet fragile answers, that makes Hank rebounded for his explanations many times. It shows how he's unsure of his understanding of life itself, and how he's unaware of noticing the perfect imperfection of life. And just by that, Hank is willing to do anything to get back to his imperfect life.

And by that, it covers how Hank had already owned a 'perfect' life he wanted according to Manny, that they could do anything out there. Yet, Hank insisted on coming back to the imperfect life he used to have for the reason of survival.

Apparently, the only reason Manny was willing to help Hank is because of one of the unclear aspects of life: Love. Playing the common joke of sex, the basic aspect of any living things, even though its uncertainty never leaves the purpose of Love itself. Manny was willing to help Hank to do whatever he needed to come back to his previous home.

When being questioned why Hank kept on insisting to come back while they already had the 'perfect life' out there, the only excuse he gave was the fear of Death.

by Alifrizky





BONUS!!!

Salam,

Kembali bersua di Rubrik Riuhan. Kali ini izinkan saya bertolak dari ulasan musik sejenak. Oh, tidak. Saya tidak bosan, tenang saja. Bahkan, saya masih punya beberapa rekomendasi untuk kalian. Namun, tema yang diusung dalam edisi 2 AM Club kali ini membuat saya merasa perlu untuk berbagi tentang bagaimana menulis musik menolong saya mengarungi kekacauan dalam pikiran saya.

Saya akui saja: tulisan pada rubrik ini tidak didukung oleh teori-teori saintifik yang sahih. Kenapa? Umm@Saya sebenarnya tak begitu gemar membaca jurnal ilmiah. Ah, sudahlah. Mari kita hentikan saja pembelaan diri yang menyedihkan ini sebelum saya mengubah teks ini menjadi demonstrasi kemalasan saya yang sebenarnya sama sekali tak patut dibanggakan.

Musik. Ah, ya. Musik. Mungkin kalian pernah berpapasan dengan beberapa artikel yang memaparkan efek terapeutik dari mendengarkan musik. Bukan itu yang ingin saya bicarakan. Kalian sudah pernah dengar. Dengan tulisan ini, saya ingin bercerita betapa menyenangkan memuntahkan kekacauan dalam kepalamu ke medium musik.

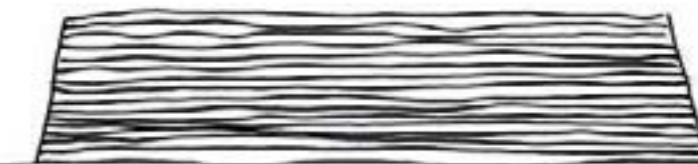
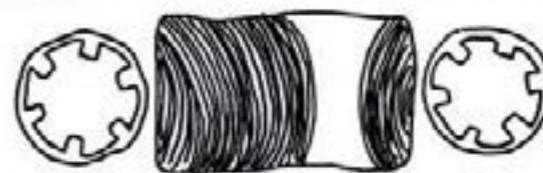
Sedari SMP, saya selalu bingung bagaimana membuat orang mengerti tentang kecamuk yang saya rasakan. Saya bisa menulis, tentu saja. Namun, kegiatan menulis tidak termasuk aktivitas melantangkan apa yang membuat saya gelisah ke dalam wujud verbal-suatu hal yang luar biasa melegakan. Kalian pernah menangis di kamar mandi atau mencoba berteriak sembari menggigit bantal di tengah malam? Kurang lebih seperti itu yang saya butuhkan. Pertanyaannya: bagaimana melakukannya dengan cara yang diterima secara sosial? Bagaimana saya menyalurkan emosi yang membuncuh ini tanpa membuat orang tua saya repot karena harus menjawab penasaran tetangga mengenai kewarasanku?

Mempelajari gitar adalah jawaban saya. Awalnya, jemari saya yang kerap dilanda tremor membuat saya berpikir bahwa alat musik berdawai ini tak akan pernah saya kuasai. Saya merasa tak cukup gigih—tak pernah cukup baik. Betapa saya salah. Berselancar di internet membuat saya berkenalan dengan bentuk-bentuk musik baru. Ternyata banyak cara untuk menggunakan suatu instrumen dalam sebuah lagu. Bahkan, lebih banyak lagi cara menulis sebuah lagu tanpa harus menjadi seorang shredder atau virtuoso. Saya belajar: keterbatasan bukanlah tanda untuk berhenti. Keterbatasan hanyalah sebuah penunjuk bagi kita untuk mencari jalan lain.

Mari kita bicara penulisan lagu. Saya selalu menulis karya yang personal. Buat saya, yang personal adalah bagian dari yang politis. Tak terpisahkan. Revolusi yang tak bisa membuat hati saya adalah revolusi yang tak layak dirayakan. Dengan menulis lirik-lirik yang personal, saya menjadi belajar untuk mengkonfrontasi isu-isu pribadi. Prosesnya berat, tentu saja. Namun, keharusan ini membuat saya berdamai dengan bisikan-bisikan yang bermukim di kepala. Suatu hal yang baik, kalau dipikir-pikir.

Saya tahu, sebagian dari kalian menganggap bahwa saya hanya mengobral sompral. Beberapa yang lain mungkin merasa tak sepercaya diri itu untuk mulai menumpahkan hati mereka ke dalam nada. Saya tak ingin mengagungkan kondisi saya—kondisi kita, namun percayakah kalian jika orang-orang seperti kita punya akses lebih terhadap beberapa area di pikiran kita yang tak akan bisa diakses mereka yang baik-baik saja? Kalian bisa bernyanyi lebih pedih, berteriak lebih lantang, menggerung lebih rendah, menoreh lebih dalam, atau mengalun lebih ringkih. Kalian mungkin tak percaya, namun kalian bisa mencoba.

SONGS TO LISTEN TO WHILE YOU REFLECT ON EVERY AWFUL AWFUL DECISION YOU'VE EVER MADE THROUGHOUT YOUR TERRIBLE LIFE



bit.ly/playlist2AM

#2